SINISTER

DC

HOUSE

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SINISTER HOUSE

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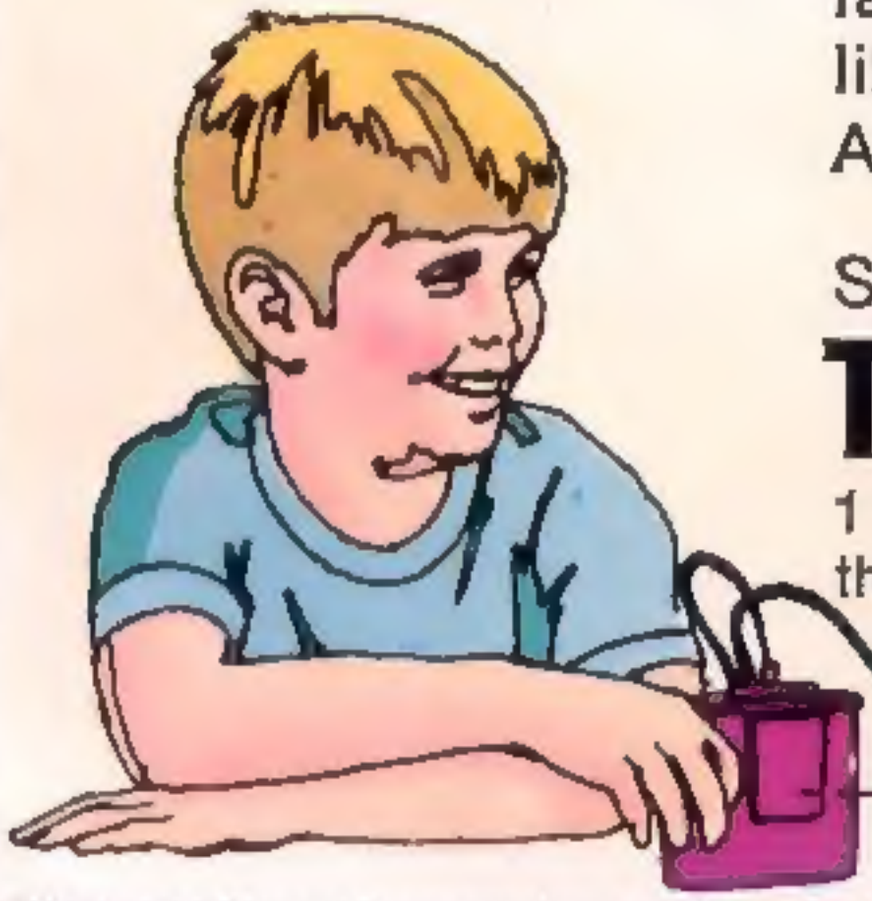

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MIDNIGHT IS RAPIDLY APPROACHING, ABEL...

--AND THE MOON IS FULL! TH-THAT MEANS SHE'LL COME TONIGHT, DOESN'T IT, CAIN?

"...THE CONDITIONS ARE RIGHT... TREE BRANCHES SHAKING VIOLENTLY, YET THERE IS A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF WIND...

-INKY DARKNESS DESPITE THAT DEAD PLANET IN THE SKY SHINING BRIGHTLY...

-AND LOOK--THOSE DEMONS OF THE WOODS-- FLEEING IN TERROR FROM THEIR HIDDEN LAIRS!

LISTEN!... SOMETHING SLOWLY CREEPING THIS WAY!..

"...FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAVEYARD!

J-1736

COME, ABEL, IT IS TIME FOR US TO DEPART!

I, FOR ONE, DO NOT WANT TO BE PRESENT WHEN THAT THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD FEMALE HORROR ARRIVES!

NOR I, CAIN!

THOSE GHASTLY STORIES SHE ALWAYS BRINGS BACK FROM BEYOND GIVE ME *NIGHTMARES!*

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HEE, HEE, HEE! THAT'S RIGHT, GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN WHEN IT GETS TOO HOT, YOU COWARDLY MORTALS! OLD EVE DOESN'T CARE...

...SHE'S HAD A NICE, LONG, REFRESHING SLEEP, AND NOW SHE'S READY TO BEGIN WITH HER CHILLING TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL...

AND YOU OUT THERE... DON'T ACCEPT ANY *SUBSTITUTE* STORY-TELLERS IF YOU WANT THE *REAL THING*...

...'CAUSE I'M AN *AUTHORITY* ON YARNS THAT INVOLVE MONSTERS-- DEMONS--MAD FIENDS-- VAMPIRES--WARLOCKS-- WEREWOLVES--SORCERERS-- EVIL SPIRITS--AND...

HEE, HEE, WITCHES!

NOW COME ALONG WITH ME, YOU BLOODTHIRSTY DEVILS...

...IT'S TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU MY FIRST GRISLY SHOCKER...

HEE HEE HEE

LONDON.' PLAGUE-TIME.' THE DEAD-WAGON, WITH ITS HOODED DRIVER, COMES EVERY NIGHT TO TAKE AWAY THE DAY'S VICTIMS... THEY WILL BE DUMPED INTO A COMMON GRAVE OUTSIDE THE TORTURED CITY.

J-1606

BUT THIS NIGHT IS NOT LIKE ALL THE OTHER NIGHTS!... FOR TONIGHT, ONE OF THE WAGON'S EERIE PASSENGERS **RISES** FROM THE **DEAD** AND LOOMS MENACINGLY BEHIND THE DRIVER! AND THUS STARTS THE FRIGHTFUL RIDDLE!.

WHEN IS TOMORROW YESTERDAY?

STORY: SHELDON MAYER

ART: ALFREDO P. ALCALA

WITH A STRONG BLOW FROM BEHIND, THE HOODED DRIVER IS KNOCKED OFF HIS PERCH AND TUMBLES FROM THE DEAD-WAGON.

THE STRANGE FIGURE IGNORES THE WILDLY GALLOPING HORSES AND SEARCHES AMONG THE CORPSES IN THE SPEEDING WAGON. IN A MOMENT HE RISES TRIUMPHANTLY, THE BODY OF A YOUNG GIRL IN HIS ARMS.

HOLDING HIS DELICATE BURDEN TENDERLY, HE JUMPS FROM THE MADLY CAREENING WAGON.

IN THE BASEMENT OF ONE OF THE MISERABLE HOUSES IN THE SLUMS OF THE CITY.....

BAM! BAM! BAM!

QUICKLY, THE OLD MAN LOWERS A FALSE WALL TO HIDE HIS PRIMITIVE LABORATORY.

'TIS BEST I HIDE ME TRUE PROFESSION FROM UNFRIENDLY EYES!

COMING! COMING!

THOMAS OF NORWALK! WITH YET ANOTHER CORPSE? I HAVE TOLD THEE... I CANNOT HEAL THE DEAD!...

'TIS THE LADY CONSTANCE! SHE BREATHES STILL, BUT THE IDIOT OF A SURGEON DID PRONOUNCE HER DEAD. SURELY THY ART IS GREATER THAN HIS!

'TIS NOT **MY** ART THAT HEALS!... 'TIS THE ART THAT WILL NOT BE KNOWN BY MAN FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS...

IT MATTERS NOT! THY SPELL DID INDEED PROTECT ME FROM THIS TYPHUS PLAGUE!

'TWAS NO SPELL! 'TWAS WHAT PHYSICIANS OF THE FUTURE WILL CALL **INOCULATION!** BUT MY HEAD WOULD BE ON A PIKE ATOP THE TOWER WERE IT KNOWN THAT I..?

MY LIPS ARE SEALED, GOOD MAGICIAN! CANST CURE THE LADY CONSTANCE?

SHE SUFFERS NOT FROM THE FEVER. 'TIS LOSS OF BLOOD! A SURGEON DID BLEED HER TO PREVENT THE FEVER, I'LL WARRANT!

AYE! WHAT MATTER IF SHE DIES OF THE FEVER OR A FOOL'S CURE? **DEATH** BE **DEATH!**

GRIEVE NOT TOO SOON, MY SON. THERE IS YET A TRICK I DID LEARN FROM MY TEACHERS OF THE FUTURE... WITH THIS FLAGON I CAN RETURN BLOOD TO HER BODY.

IN TRUTH?

AYE! 'TIS CALLED PLASMA! DO YE BUT HOLD THIS FLAGON ABOVE THY HEAD FOR ME, THUS AND THE LADY CONSTANCE WILL SMILE AGAIN IN A MINUTE!...

SILENCE, GOOD MAGICIAN... I DO HEAR A SOUND AT THE DOOR!

SURRENDER IN THE NAME OF THE DUKE, THOU PRACTITIONERS OF BLACK MAGIC!

BUT 'TIS THE NIECE OF THE DUKE WHOSE LIFE WE **SAVE**!

LIAR! THE LADY CONSTANCE DID DIE OF THE FEVER THIS VERY NIGHT. THE DEAD-WAGON HAS TAKEN HER AWAY!

NO, NO! THEY'RE SMASHING THE LAST OF MY PLASMA BOTTLES!

FOOLS! FOOLS! YE HAVE KILLED THE LADY CONSTANCE!

PLAK

FOOLS! FOOLS! FOOLS!

FOOLS! FOOLS! FOOLS!

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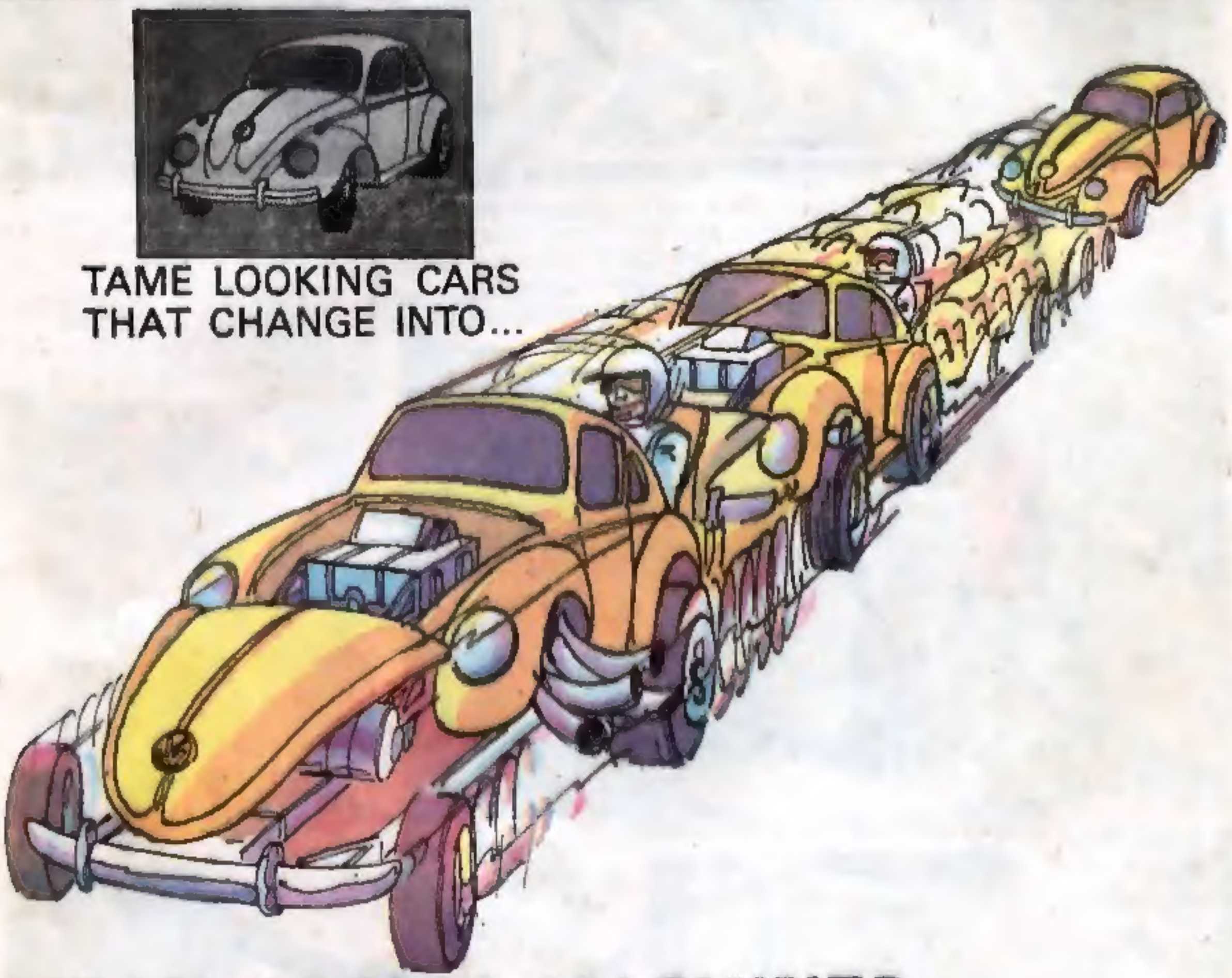
THAT CHANGE INTO...



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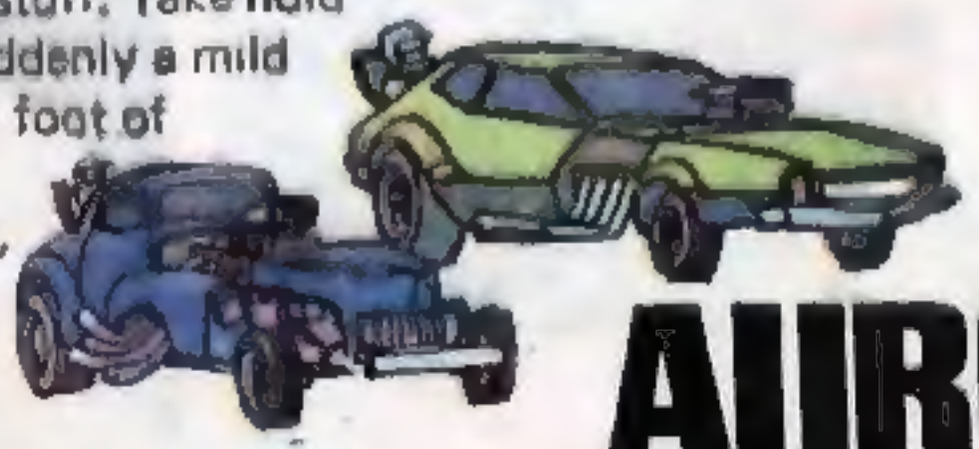

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STOP, TOM. THOU DIDST RENDER THEM ALL HARMLESS WITH THY TEMPER. ENOUGH. WE'VE WORK TO DO TO SAVE LADY CONSTANCE.

BUT... BUT THE PLASMA WAS DESTROYED. IS THERE AUGHT ELSE YE CAN DO?

AYE. THERE IS ONE THING MORE... THERE IS STILL THE ART OF BLACK MAGIC, AT WHICH I AM NO NOVICE.

B-BLACK MAGIC?

IN TRUTH I KNOW NOT WHETHER THIS IS BLACK OR WHITE MAGIC. I DID DISCOVER ONCE BY ACCIDENT THAT ON THIS VERY SPOT THERE WILL ONE DAY BE AN ENORMOUS BUILDING FILLED WITH MARVELOUS MEN OF MEDICINE. 'TWILL BE CALLED A HOSPITAL!...

THIS SPELL WILL CAUSE A VISION OF THAT FUTURE HOSPITAL TO APPEAR ON THE WALL. YOU WILL TAKE THE LADY CONSTANCE, AND DO AS I TELL YOU....

ZARON! KINUTO! FLAHHHZ!

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE OF MERCY. YOU HAVE NAUGHT TO FEAR. WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, STEP INTO THE WALL!

KUPARTO! ZARN!

NOW, TOM, NOW!

EMERGENCY

UNKNOWN TO TOM AND THE OLD SORCERER, THE CAPTAIN OF THE DUKE'S GUARDSMEN HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, AND HAS BEEN LISTENING WITH AMAZED INTEREST.

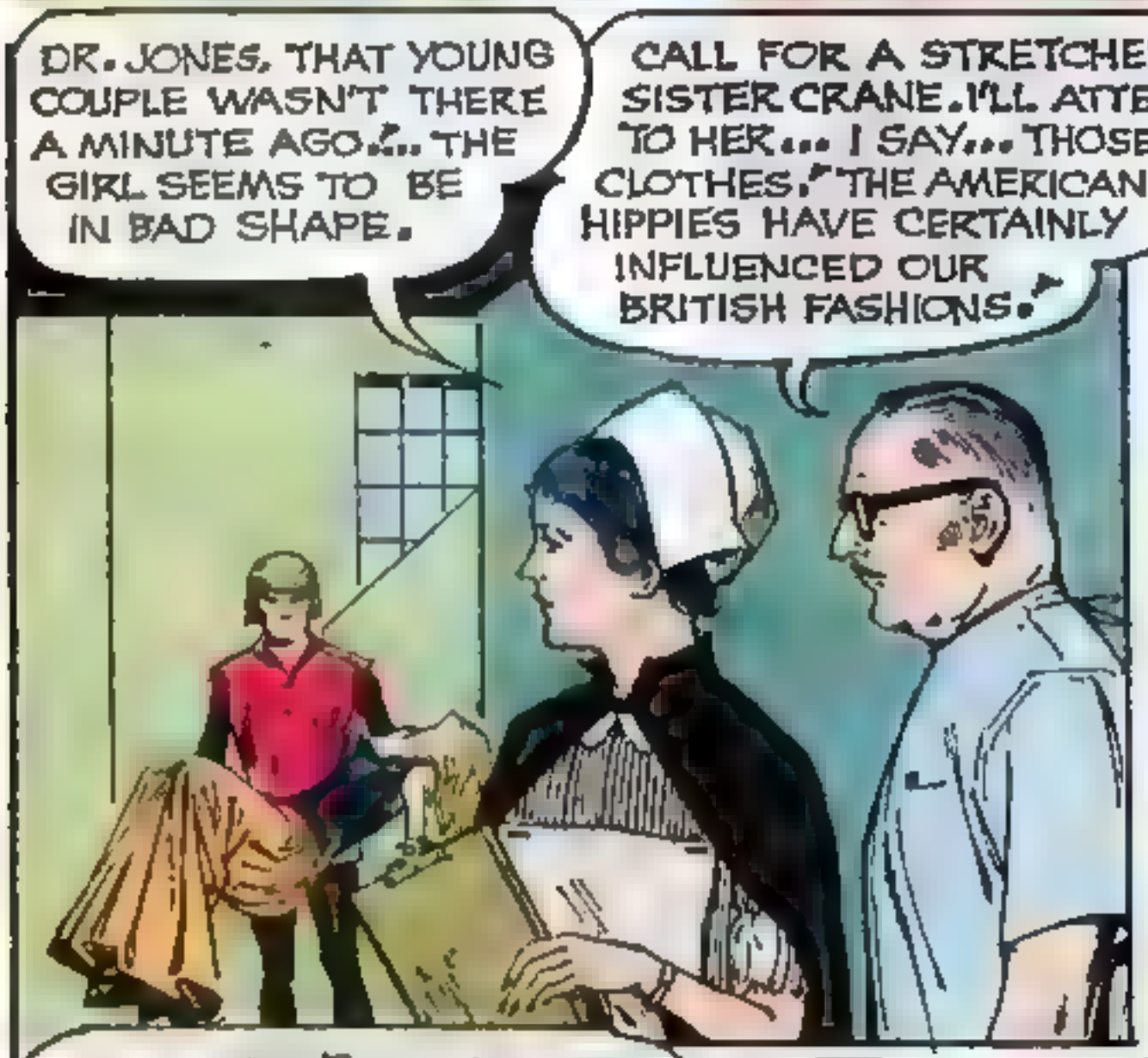
THE EYES OF THE CAPTAIN WIDEN WITH ASTONISHMENT AS HE SEES TOM AND CONSTANCE STEP INTO THE WALL AND BECOME PART OF THE VISION!

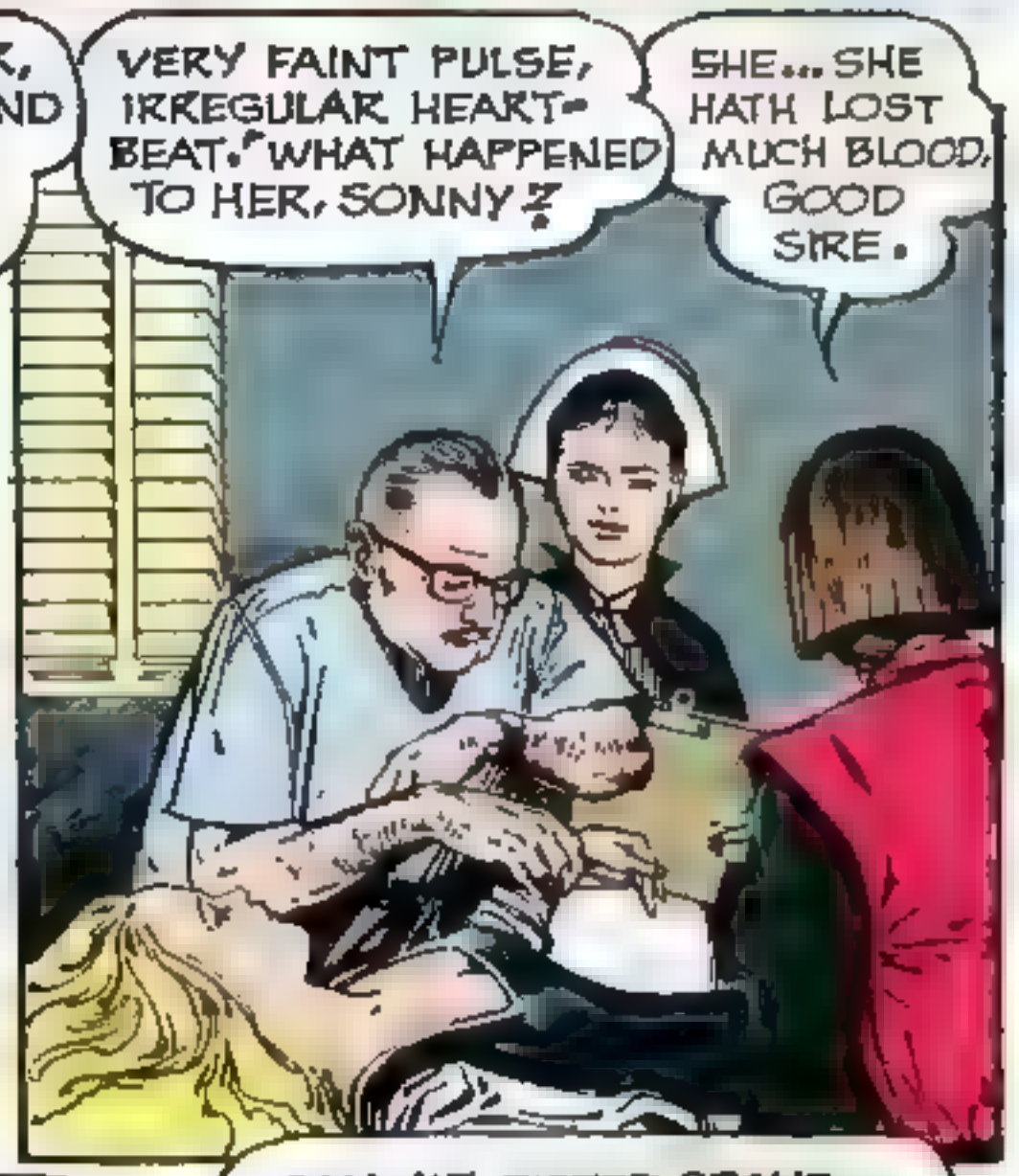
DR. JONES, THAT YOUNG COUPLE WASN'T THERE A MINUTE AGO!... THE GIRL SEEMS TO BE IN BAD SHAPE.

CALL FOR A STRETCHER, SISTER CRANE. I'LL ATTEND TO HER... I SAY... THOSE CLOTHES! THE AMERICAN HIPPIES HAVE CERTAINLY INFLUENCED OUR BRITISH FASHIONS!

VERY FAINT PULSE, IRREGULAR HEART-BEAT. WHAT HAPPENED TO HER, SONNY?

SHE... SHE HATH LOST MUCH BLOOD, GOOD SIRE.





GOOD SIRE? YOU BELIEVE IN TALKING TO MATCH YOUR CLOTHES, DON'T YOU? WELL... RELAX! A PLASMA TRANSFUSION WILL FIX UP YOUR GIRL-FRIEND IN NO TIME.

YOUNG MAN...

YES, MY LADY?

CALL ME SISTER CRANE. THAT'S THE ONLY TITLE NURSES HAVE IN ENGLAND. SISTER! NOT MY LADY! NOW COULD YOU GIVE ME THE PATIENT'S NAME, PLEASE?

CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING.

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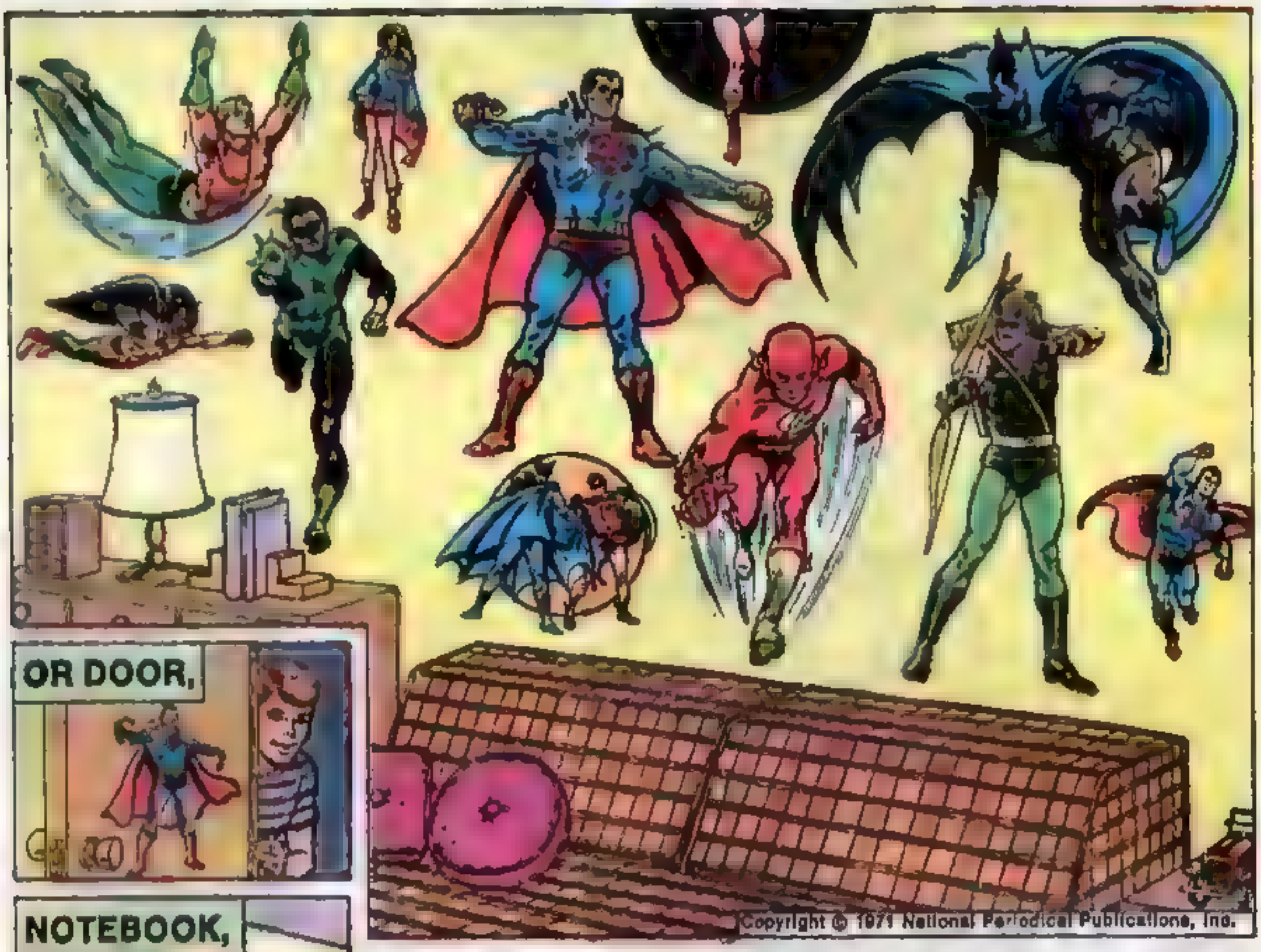

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BACK IN THE SORCERER'S WORKROOM, THE OLD MAN WATCHES THE VISION ON THE WALL INTENTLY, AND BEHIND HIM, THE CAPTAIN OF THE DUKE'S GUARD WATCHES EQUALLY INTENTLY.

HER NAME? SHE IS THE LADY CONSTANCE. WILL SHE **DIE**?

DIE? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS! OUR DOCTORS CAN FIX **ANYTHING**!... ESPECIALLY DR. JONES!

ZOUNDS! 'TIS UNBELIEVABLE!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE DUKE'S GUARD HAS SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH! HE DASHES OUT THE DOOR, MOUNTS HIS WAITING HORSE, AND GALLOPS OFF WILDLY.

MEANWHILE, IN THE PALACE OF THE DUKE.

A NOBLE NIGHT'S WORK, MY GOOD SURGEON. WHO IS TO KNOW WHETHER MY NIECE DIED OF THE PLAGUE, OR FROM TOO MUCH BLOOD-LETTING?

SHE WOULD HAVE LIVED HAD YOU NOT STAYED MY HAND! 'TWAS MURDER, YOUR HIGHNESS.

AH, GOOD SURGEON, LET US NOT TALK OF MURDER. THERE BE TRAGEDY ENOUGH IN THE INSANE TERMS OF MY ELDER BROTHER'S WILL! *PHAUGH!* TO TURN OVER MY TITLE AND LANDS TO THAT SILLY GIRL, SHOULD SHE MARRY THOMAS OF NORWALK!

...WHICH SHE CANNOT DO NOW....

AYE, SHE BE DEAD!... THANKS TO... SHALL WE SAY... AN **ACCIDENT**... OR WOULD YOU CHALLENGE THE WORD OF A DUKE?

'TWAS AN ACCIDENT, YOUR HIGHNESS! AN ACCIDENT!

THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION AS THE CAPTAIN OF THE DUKE'S GUARD BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

YOUR HIGHNESS... TERRIBLE NEWS, SIRE.' THE LADY CONSTANCE **LIVES.**'

SHE **LIVES**? **BUT HOW**? DID YE NOT SEE TO IT THAT THE DEATH-WATCH DID BURY HER WITH THE PLAGUE VICTIMS?

THE DISTRACTED GUARDSMAN TELLS HIS STORY AS THE DUKE LISTENS-- INCREDULOUSLY AT FIRST, THEN THOUGHTFULLY...

AYE, YOUR HIGHNESS. MY MEN AND I DID FOLLOW THE DEATH-WAGON AT A DISCREET DISTANCE, BUT THEN...

'TWAS BLACK MAGIC, SIRE. EVEN NOW THE OLD SORCERER WAITS FOR THEM TO RETURN FROM THAT FUTURE TIME.'

AND THE LADY CONSTANCE WILL BE ALIVE AND WELL?

AYE.' THIS LADY IN THE VISION SAID THAT NO ONE EVER **DIES** IN THAT FUTURE TIME.' THEY KNOW NOT THE MEANING OF THE WORD.'

ZOUNDS! EVERLASTING LIFE.' 'TWOULD BE WORTH MY DUKEDOM TO LIVE FOREVER.' DOST RECALL THE MAGIC WORDS OF THE SPELL?

AYE.' FIRST THE SORCERER DID DRAW A PENTAGRAM UPON THE WALL THUS...

GOOD.' GOOD.' THE **MAGIC WORDS**, MAN.' SAY THEM.'

THE GUARDSMAN RECITES THE MAGIC WORDS, AND A VISION OF MODERN LONDON AT NIGHT APPEARS ON THE WALL.

ZARON.! KINUTO.! FLAHHZ.!

SNIRL, LOOK.! A BEAUTIFUL FAIRYLAND OF LONDON IN THE FUTURE.! HORSELESS CARRIAGES! MAGIC LIGHT! HEALTHY PEOPLE!

AMAZING.! 'TWOULD INDEED BE WORTH TRYING... BUT COULD WE RETURN...

WHY RETURN? WITH THE WEALTH OF THESE JEWELS. WE SHOULD HAVE MUCH POWER IN THAT FUTURE WORLD.! WILT THOU JOIN ME?.

AYE.! ETERNAL LIFE IS BETTER THAN LIVING IN THESE MISERABLE, PLAGUE-RIDDEN TIMES! MUCH BETTER.

AND SO, AS THE GUARDSMAN SAYS THE FINAL MAGIC WORDS, THE DUKE AND SURGEON SNIRL STEP INTO THE VISION...

KUPARTO.! ZARN.!

BACK IN THE SORCERER'S WORKROOM, THE OLD MAN CALLS BACK HIS TWO TIME-TRAVELERS.

MAZARNO.! KLISH.!

GREETINGS, GOOD SORCERER. 'TWAS A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.! DOST SEE? THE LADY CONSTANCE IS WELL AGAIN!

WHEN TOM AND I ARE MARRIED AND HAVE OUR RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE, WE WILL REWARD THEE WELL, GOOD SORCERER.!

THY KISS BE REWARD ENOUGH, MY LADY!

BACK IN 1972...

I LEFT THAT STRANGE YOUNG MAN TO FILL OUT THE HOSPITALIZATION FORM... WHEN I CAME BACK, HE WAS GONE...

THAT'S FUNNY... THE PATIENT REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS RIGHT AFTER THE TRANSFUSION... I TURN MY BACK FOR A SECOND..

AND NOW, SHE'S GONE, TOO.!

WE NEED YOU IN EMERGENCY.! TWO MORE PATIENTS IN THOSE FUNNY CLOTHES... MENTAL CASES.! VIOLENT.! AND THEY APPEAR TO HAVE STOLEN A GREAT QUANTITY OF JEWELS FROM SOMEONE!

UNHAND ME, FOOLS! THOSE JEWELS RIGHTFULLY BELONG TO ME!

IF YOU CAN *PROVE* THAT THEY DO, WE'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO RELEASE YOU BOTH!

P-PROVE IT? TH-THAT'S GOING TO BE IMPOSSIBLE...

AND BACK AT THE OLD SORCERER'S WORKROOM...

WHAT BE THAT DOCUMENT IN THY BELT, THOMAS?

'TIS A PAPER OF QUESTIONS. THE LADY AT THE HOSPITAL DID ASK ME TO WRITE DOWN THE ANSWERS. BUT MY SCHOOLING WAS WITH WEAPONS! I KNOW NOT HOW TO WRITE.

AYE! 'TIS A DOCUMENT OF THE HOSPITAL! ZOUNDS!.. THE **DATE** ON IT BE 1972!.. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO **WRONG**?

...THEN 'TWAS **NOT** TO THE **FUTURE** WE WENT!?!... 'TWAS THE **PAST**.... FOR **THIS YEAR** BE THE YEAR **2480** A.D!

COULD IT BE THAT DOCTORS DID KNOW MORE ABOUT MEDICINE IN THE **PAST** THAN **NOW**?

'TIS POSSIBLE... NOTHING IS KNOWN OF HISTORY BEYOND FIVE CENTURIES AGO.

FIVE CENTURIES? THE TIME OF THE **GREAT CALAMITY!**

I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF **THE GREAT CALAMITY**... WHAT WAS IT?

THE ANCIENTS DID CALL IT...

....**WORLD WAR - III...!**

END

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THE TIME WAS THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND THE MAN WHO WAS LED INTO THE COLD, GRAY ROOM WAS BOTH BEWILDERED AND FRIGHTENED...

YOU WILL REMAIN IN HERE UNTIL YOU ARE SUMMONED!

"BRIEF REUNION!"

STORY: JOHN ALBANO PENCILS: ED RAMOS INKS: MAR AMONGO

...THE RAPID SERIES OF EVENTS THAT HAD BEFALLEN HIM THIS NIGHT HAD OVERWHELMED HIS SIMPLE MIND... LEFT HIM FEARFUL AND APPREHENSIVE...

IN SPITE OF THE DAMP, CHILLY AIR, HIS BODY BEGAN TO PERSPIRE...LONG MINUTES PASSED BEFORE HE HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ON THE CONRETE FLOOR OUTSIDE AS THEY APPROACHED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ROOM IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN CONFINED...

YOU WILL REMAIN IN HERE UNTIL YOU ARE SUMMONED!

?

JOHNNY!... YOU'RE JOHNNY MAGUS!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I'M FRED GARNER. WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER-- YOU LIVED RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO ME!

HEY, YEAH... I DO REMEMBER! "HONEST" FRED WE USED TO CALL YOU! BUT LIKE HOW COME YOU RECOGNIZED ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

THE NEWSPAPERS! I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR ENTIRE--UH--CAREER! EVEN SAW YOU ON TELEVISION A FEW WEEKS AGO!

HEE, HEE! THOSE CONGRES-SIONAL HEARINGS ON CRIME, YOU MEAN. THOSE CRUMBS DIDN'T GET A WORD OUTTA ME!

YES, SIR. A LOTTA WATER HAS PASSED UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE I LAST SAW YOU, FREDDIE BOY. I'M REALLY A VERY IMPORTANT FIGURE NOW. MAKING PLENTY OF DOUGH. TOO!

"YOU REMEMBER WHAT A NUT I WAS FOR FANCY WHEELS? WELL, NOW I OWN ONE THAT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! YOU WOULDN'T **BELIEVE** WHAT THAT SET ME BACK!"

YOU KNOW, SUCKER, I'LL BET I LOSE MORE MONEY IN ONE AFTERNOON AT THE RACE TRACK THAN YOU EARN IN A YEAR!

PROBABLY SO, BUT... WHAT ABOUT THE TROUBLE YOU OCCASIONALLY HAVE?

TROUBLE? WHAT TROUBLE? YOU MEAN WHEN SOME TWO-BIT CRUMB TRIES TO MOVE IN ON MY TURF?

"...THAT KIND'A TROUBLE I TAKE CARE OF...PERSONALLY! YOU KNOW WHY? 'CAUSE I ENJOY DOING WHAT I'M GOOD AT!"

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, FREDDIE BOY? WHAT ARE YOU GOOD AT THAT'S MADE YOU RICH?

OH, I'M AFRAID I'VE NEVER BEEN VERY GOOD AT ANYTHING...

...BEEN EMPLOYED AS A BOOKKEEPER FOR THE PAST 22 YEARS... THE SALARY ISN'T MUCH, THOUGH I HAVE MANAGED TO SEND MY TWO CHILDREN THROUGH COLLEGE...

BIG DEAL!

...HAD TO SCRIMP A LOT TO DO IT. BUT MY FAMILY AND I ARE HAPPY. I KNOW YOUR LIFE IS MUCH MORE EXCITING AND LUCRATIVE, JOHNNY, ONLY... WELL, I'VE NEVER ENVIED YOU!

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* SAY...

...ONLY I'M NOT BUYING, MR. "SUNSHINE" AND "GOODNESS"-- LIKE YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN FED UP-- *THEY DIDN'T BUST YOU FOR NOTHING!* WHAD'YA DO, FOOL AROUND WITH YOUR COMPANY'S BOOKS?

NO, I SWEAR IT...

"...ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT I WASN'T FEELING WELL...HAD SOME PAIN AROUND MY HEART... WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED, FELL ASLEEP--AND THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IS TWO STRANGE MEN WAKING ME UP AND TELLING ME I HAD TO ACCOMPANY THEM..."

--UH--WHAT ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY -- WHAT DID THEY ARREST YOU FOR?

ME? HEH-HEH-HEH!...

"...I WAS SITTING IN A LITTLE CAFE ON THE WEST-SIDE WITH MY CHICK WHEN SOME PUNK WALKED IN AN' BEGAN PUMPING LEAD AT ME -- AND YER KNOW SOMETHING? THE CRUMB MISSED ME WITH EVERY SHOT!"

AND THEN?

THEN? THEN NOTHING. GUESS I WAS A LITTLE DRUNK 'CAUSE AFTER THE SHOOTING, IT GETS A LITTLE HAZY...

JOHNNY... YOU SAID THE GUNMAN MISSED YOU... BUT THOSE HOLES IN YOUR SUIT JACKET...

HUH?...HEY... I DIDN'T NOTICE ...ONLY BULLETS COULD HAVE— BUT HOW COME I'M NOT—

SOMETHING CRAZY GOING ON AROUND HERE —

ALL RIGHT, MR. GARNER...THE DECISION HAS BEEN MADE. COME WITH US, PLEASE.

HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU GUYS HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME, HAVE YA?

INDEED NOT, MR. MAGUS...

YOU'RE TO COME WITH *ME!*

END

EVIL LURES IN MANY HEARTS! IT WEARS MANY GUISES! SOMETIMES IT IS RECOGNIZABLE AS THE CLAWING HANDS OF AN ASSASSIN! OTHER TIMES IT GLISTENS ON SCARLET LIPS-- AND SHINES FROM VELVETY EYES GLOWING WITH LUNAR FIRES! THEN IS THE TIME TO BEWARE

The MAN HATER

NO MAN SPENT A HAPPIER HONEYMOON THAN BIG GAME HUNTER JOHN GLENVILLE AT HIS ROCKY MT. LODGE...OR WITH A MORE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE...

HOW DID YOU SHOOT THIS UGLY MONSTER, DARLING?

THAT AFRICAN HORNED RHINO IS MY PRIZE, "PRINCESS"! I SPOTTED HIM WHEN I WAS LYING IN THE TALL GRASS NEAR KILIMANJARO! I WAS DOWNWIND WHEN I DREW A BEAD ON HIM...

AHHGHNN--

STORY BY: BOB KANIGHER

ART BY: BILL DRAUT

J-1239

AS SHE STARES AT HER LIFELESS *VICTIM*, VALLA'S VENGEFUL EYES MIRROR THE LACERATING PAST AND ITS *ETERNAL* STABBING MEMORIES...

DADDY -- PLEASE TAKE ME WITH YOU THIS TIME -- PLEASE? I WON'T BE IN THE WAY!

DON'T BE SILLY, VALLA! I TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES ALREADY. A RACING CAR IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!

FRANK -- I KNOW YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE... BUT VALLA'S YOUR OWN *FLESH AND BLOOD*... SHE LOVES YOU. DON'T BREAK HER HEART BY REJECTING HER.

YOU FAILED ME THERE, TOO... I WANTED A SON!

I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF THAT KID WITH HER PLEADING EYES -- LIKE A SICK SHEEP -- SHE REMINDS ME OF YOU.

WHY DON'T YOU STOP HANGING ON TO ME -- AND GIVE ME A *DIVORCE?*

ONE NIGHT... WITH LIGHTNING CRASHING OUTSIDE LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM...

I TRIED TO PLEASE YOU, DADDY -- BY LEARNING EVERYTHING I COULD ABOUT CARS. -- IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD. I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU. BUT YOU'VE TAUGHT ME TO HATE YOU -- *I HATE YOU!*

THE NEXT DAY...

YOUR HUSBAND'S BRAKES FAILED... THE CAR WENT OUT OF CONTROL ON LONG HILL... HE MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY... I'M SORRY --

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
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"MR. UNIVERSE"

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YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BREAK *MY* HEART-- AS MY FATHER DID!

A FEW DAYS LATER ...THE MIST HANGS LIKE A SHROUD OVER THE GLENVILLE FAMILY PLOT...

VALLA MAKES A BEAUTIFUL WIDOW... LIKE A PRINCESS,

AND WITH HER HUSBAND'S UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT -- A RICH ONE!

THE NEXT DAY... VALLA JETS TO NEW YORK, WHERE, IN THE HEADY ATMOSPHERE OF INCENSE AND THE EERIE WAIL OF SITAR MUSIC...

MY LATE HUSBAND CALLED ME "PRINCESS" IN *JEST*, GURU!

YOU *ARE* A PRINCESS, VALLA! IT IS ALL HERE IN THE CRYSTAL LIGHT! IN THE REINCARNATION OF THE PAST! 500 YEARS AGO, IN JAPORE, YOU WERE A ROYAL PRINCESS -- CONSORT OF PRINCE MELLAH!

FAREWELL, GURU!... I WILL COME BACK WHEN I HAVE NEED OF YOU!

YOU WILL BE BACK, PRINCESS VALLA. AND I WILL BE WAITING -- IT IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS.

A YEAR LATER... NO MAN WAS HAPPIER THAN STEPHEN STRYKER. HE HAD TWO LOVES... FISHING AND A NEW BRIDE!

GIVE US ANOTHER KISS, VALLA! OR I'LL *TOSS* YOU TO THOSE HUNGRY SHARKS OUT THERE -- EVEN IF YOU CALL YOURSELF A PRINCESS! HA! HA!

I *AM* A PRINCESS, FOOL! AND TONIGHT I DESIRE A REPAST FROM THE SEA. SO START FISHING FOR OUR *SUPPER!*

TOSS THE ANCHOR OVERBOARD, VALLA! THE DECK'S UNSTEADY! I DON'T WANT TO DROP THE ROD WHEN I MAKE A STRIKE! SURE THE ANCHOR WON'T BE TOO HEAVY FOR YOU? YOU BEING A "PRINCESS"-- NOT USED TO MENIAL WORK? HA! HA!

STOP THAT INFERNAL LAUGHING! I CAN HANDLE IT!

VALLA! MY FOOT'S CAUGHT IN THE ANCHOR CABLE--! STOP ME--! SHARK OUT THERE--!

YOU ARE THE SECOND TO PAY, LAUGHING BOY! YOU STINK! YOU STINK OF FISH -- YOU DIRTY OLD MAN! LAUGH AT THAT!

SIX MONTHS LATER... NO MAN SPENT A HAPPIER HONEYMOON THAN PARACHUTIST PETER GREYSTONE IN THE SKIES OVER SANTA FE-- OR WITH A MORE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE...

I HOPE YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR CROWN JUMPING WITH A COMMONER, "PRINCESS"?

I WON'T!

WE'LL STRETCH THIS ONE OUT, VALLA! WE'LL FREE-FALL 5,000 FEET BEFORE WE SEPARATE AND PULL OUR RIPCORDS! GROOVY, ISN'T IT?

WONDERFUL--

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

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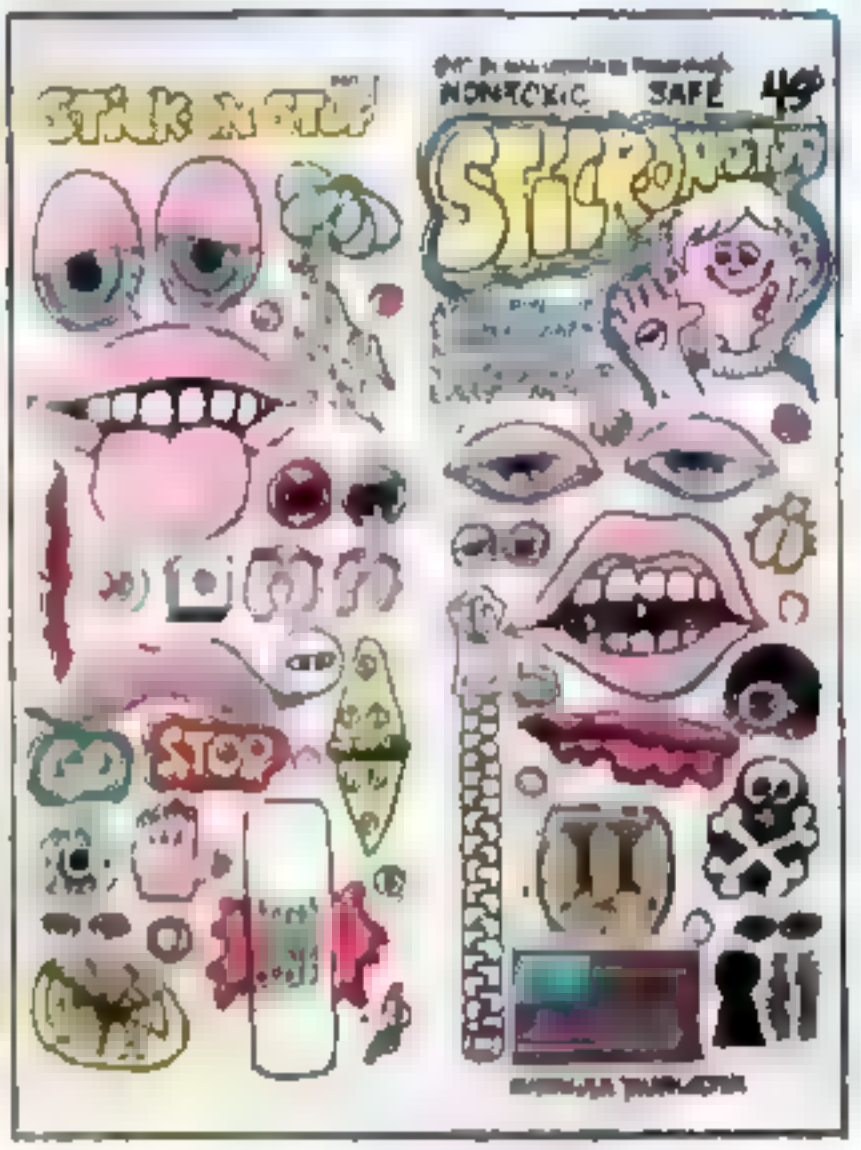

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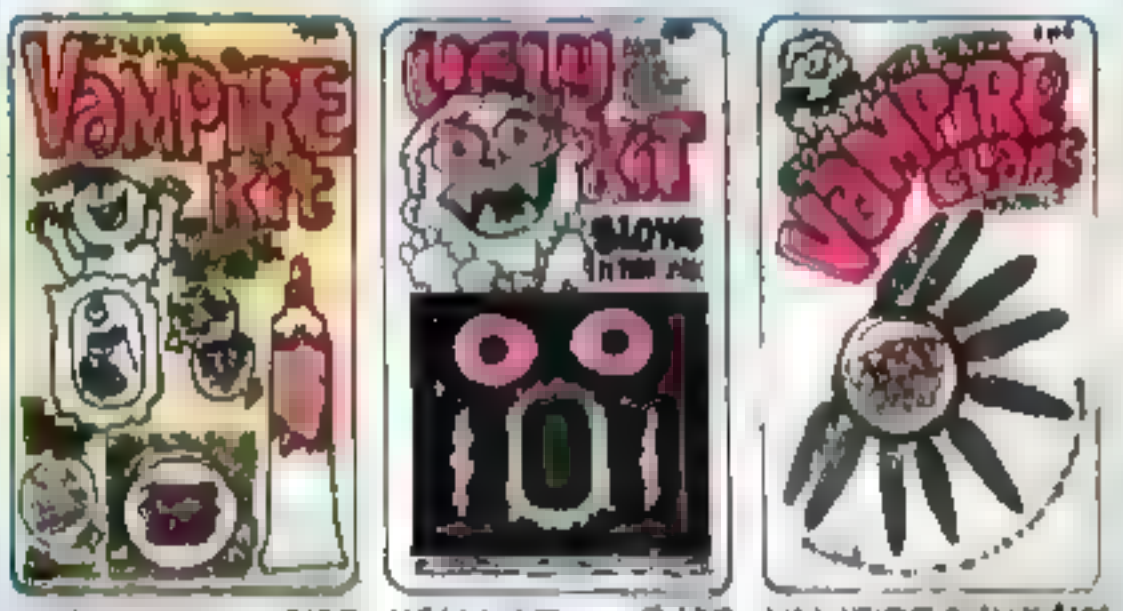

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AS THE SOLID WALL OF EARTH LOOMS...

PULL YOUR RIPCORD, "PRINCESS"!

YES, PETER--

MY RIPCORD! -- IT'S GONE!

AAA

A WEEK LATER... UNDER A SOMBRE DESERT SUNSET..

MRS. GREYSTONE'S HOUSEKEEPER SAID SHE COMES HERE EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME, *LIEUTENANT!*

THREE HUSBANDS-- ALL ACCIDENTALLY KILLED ON THEIR HONEYMOON-- THAT PHONEY VALLA'S A MURDERESS ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! WE FOUND GREYSTONE'S CHUTE ***WITHOUT*** A RIPCORD! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ***STILL*** CLENCHED IN HIS ***DEATH-GRIP***-- IF IT HAD JUST MALFUNCTIONED!

MY GURU WILL HELP ME ESCAPE!

AFTER A DESPERATE DASH ACROSS THE CONTINENT...

GURU! YOU MUST HIDE ME! MY LIFE IS AT STAKE! BUT-- WHERE ON EARTH IS THERE A HIDING PLACE WHERE I CANNOT BE *FOUND?*

I WILL FIND A WAY. IT IS WRITTEN. GO TO MY TEMPLE. DON THE PRINCESS ROBES YOU WILL FIND THERE. SIT IN THE ROYAL CHAIR AND AWAIT ME.

THE POLICE ARE ON MY TRAIL! BUT THE GURU W.LL HIDE ME!

WHERE IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE NO POWER ON EARTH COLLD PURSLE YOU-- BUT .N ANOTHER TIME-- IN *ANOTHER SELF?*

THESE SILKEN CORDS ARE MAGICAL. THEY WILL HOLD YOU FAST... AS YOU ARE TRANSPORTED BACK BY THE CHAIR OF INF.NITY... 500 YEARS IN THE PAST... WHEN IN ANOTHER REINCARNATION... YOU WERE *PRINCESS VALLA...* ROYAL CONSORT OF PRINCE MELLAH OF JAPORE!

IT IS WRITTEN FROM THE BEG.NNING... N' RAANEE V SHNU SEENALLEE R'A--

IT'S TRUE-- IT'S HAPPENED! I'VE BEEN *REINCARNATED* BACK TO JAPORE-- FIVE CENTURIES AGO! I'M SAFE! NO POWER ON EARTH CAN *REACH ME!* *HA! HA! HA! HA!*

IT IS THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF SUTTEE THAT A WIDOW *DIE* WITH HER DEAD *HUSBAND!* LIGHT THE FUNERAL PYRE! -- SO THE *ASHES* OF *PRINCESS VALLA* MAY BE *REUNITED* WITH *PRINCE MELLAH*-- IN NIRVANA!

NO-- NO-- NO-- *NO!*

AAAHHGGNNNNN

WELL, VALLA'S HOPES OF ESCAPING PUNISHMENT FOR HER CRIMES WENT *UP IN SMOKE*, EH? HEE, HEE, HEE! SHE HAD A *FIERY* TEMPER... BUT WOUND UP MAKING AN *ASH* OF HERSELF! HEE, HEE!

WHAT IS WRITTEN... *CANNOT BE ERASED!*

THE END

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT AUG. 15TH

J-1756

Rolling beelzebub, howling cauldrons . . . hee hee hee. Didn't ol' Eve tell you, you bloodthirsty little devils, that her stories were the most fearfully, frightening yell-yarns that've ever seen print between the putrefied papers of these grimy little magascreams. What's that? You think that oversized bucket of prefabricated wheat germ named Abel is a better storyteller than I am? You mean that skinny toothpick son of a lovesick sea-serpent, Cain, is more frightening than me? Ah—that's better . . . if you hadn't apologized so nicely I just might have turned you into a slimy toad—or even worse— Anyway, let's get on with this page, and your revolting dead letters.

• • • • •

Dear Mr. Orlando:

National is to be saluted for perhaps the finest achievement in comics in many a moon. The two gothic Romance mags are indeed unique and satisfying. Both of them offer much entertainment and have appeal for all. I don't know why they are considered to be female-oriented. In all the stories thus far the love theme was either on equal footing within the main gothic plot, or second in importance.

As for Sinister House #4, it was terrific. The setting, characters, and suspense were very well handled, and Tony De Zuniga is second to no one as an artist. I'd like to see Mrs DeZuniga do some more work for you. She really showed a flair for writing.

All in all, these mags assure me of at least one well-spent quarter each month.

Gerard Triano
Elmont, N.Y.

Dear Gerard

What's this Dear Mr. Orlando garbage! You write your disgusting letters to me—directly. Remember—the name is Eve

• • • • •

Dear Editor

Let the name Tony DeZuniga be blazoned throughout all of comicdom! His sumptuous strokes of pencil and ink will never be topped. Every panel of art in Sinister House #4 was a wondrous sight. This is the best Tony's ever done; I think for this particular story, he ought to receive an ACBA award.

But I don't think Mary DeZuniga should be writing for comics. The uncle who takes in an orphaned child, the trip to India, and, later on, the twin-brother situation are just a little too common. I'm afraid Mary's work lacks imagination. So many of the incidents in "The Kiss Of the Serpent" have been dealt with so often, a feeling of *deja vu* prevailed throughout the issue

And Mary's way with romance was no less than sickening. Indeed, the story would have been less common if you had deleted the ever-present confectionary which constitutes the chief reading matter of love-sick pre-adolescent girls. I realize that's a harsh criticism, but to allow Mary to continue in the writing of stories for comics would be in error.

As for the question posed in the lettercol, by all means keep the lettercol and dispense with any thoughts of a text epilogue and or separate story What's a comic without a lettercol?

Mark Lucke
Beeville, Texas

Listen, Mark baby . . . deja vu to you too! I, Eve, owner of Sinister House . . . *liked the story. You sound like a male chauvinist pig. What's the matter . . . you don't like girls? Hee . . . Hee . . . Hee!*

• • • • •

D-D-dear E-Eve:

National is on an occult kick. *Everything* is mystical, astrological, or psychological. The whole trend began about three years ago in a series of really fine horror-titles—and caught on. Spreading like wild-fire, it became evident in many other zines; nowadays it isn't infrequent to open a super-hero book and find some sorcerer casting a bit of ectoplasm here and there!

Unfortunately, enjoyable to me as this trend is, there are occasions when I find it easy to lament its coming. And that's because many DC people can't seem to break out of the same mold. Find your groove, they seem to say, and never-never deviate. Fortunately, though, DC decided to experiment with some new titles and named them "The Sinister House Of Secret Love" and "The Dark Mansion Of Forbidden Love."

The essential difference in titles is the editor. Joe Orlando edits the former: And we fans have come to relate Orlando-edited books to quality. In my book, the two are synonymous.

After Sinister House #4, I'd be tempted to shout that from the highest mountain—just look at the people responsible for creating this fine piece of art! Tony DeZuniga, his wife Mary, and a fan turned pro, Mike Fleisher.

What more needs to be said: save a word of heartfelt thanks for this masterpiece? Long life, Mr. Orlando. Long life

Matt Graham
Granada Hills, Calif.

Dear Matt.

Long life! Posh and triple posh!! I've been crawling on this hollow husk of a world for one thousand gory years. I'm not about to stop now. As for this Orlando character . . . if you fans don't stop bringing him into this book of mine . . . there'll be some changes made . . . hee hee hee

I'll expect to see your revolting comments on this particular issue very soon now, so get out your crow quill pens and write to me.

EVE, c/o SINISTER HOUSE
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HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit.

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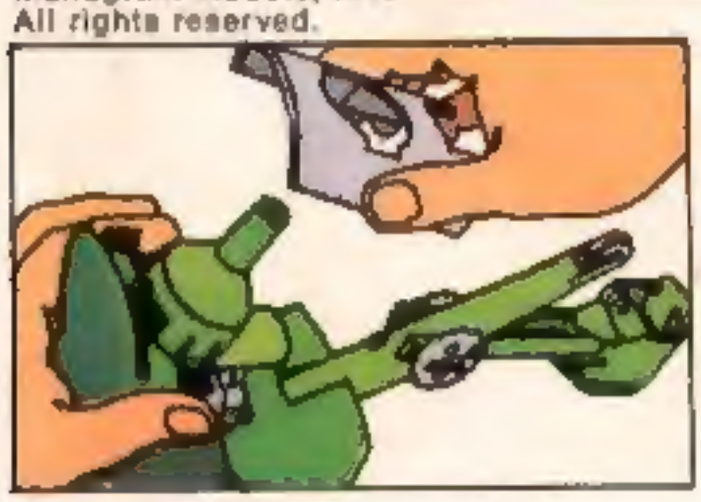

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